

T H E
POOR SOLDIER;

A
COMIC OPERA:

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE
THEATRE SMOKE-ALLEY,
D U B L I N.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.
M,DCC,LXXXVI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Captain Fitzroy,
Patrick,
Darby,
Dermott,
Father Luke,
Bagatelle,

Mr BANNISTER.
Mrs KENNEDY.
Mr JOHNSTONE.
Mr EDWIN.
Mr WILSON.
Mr WEWITZER.

Norah,
Kathleen,



Mrs BANNISTER.
Mrs MARTYR.

T H E

P O O R S O L D I E R.

A C T I.

SCENE, A Country Village.

On one side, KATHLEEN's house; on the other, at a greater distance, the house of FATHER LUKE.

Enter DARBY and DERMOTT.

DARBY.

STAY where you are.—Kathleen will be here by and by.

Der. O that ever I shou'd be such an unfortunate fellow, as to think her a pretty girl.

Dar. Upon my soul now she's grown vastly uncivil; for she turns up her nose at me.

Der. I know the one she'll have.

Dar. Is some French Monsieur to take the girl away from a couple of tight Irish boys of us? (*Weeps.*) I never dream but of poor Kathleen—Oh, oh, oh!

Der. Well, well; but you'll disturb her with your noise; go and bellow farther off.

Dar. Ah! but I am afraid of Father Luke: You know he threatened when poor Pat us'd to come to his window, to court his ward Norah, that he'd put him into the Bishop's court; and therefore, poor Pat, full of grief and vexation, went for a soldier.

Der. But you'll disturb Kathleen; go away, go.

A I R.

Der. Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast;
Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

A 2

The

5

THE POOR SOLDIER.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
 Those joys are none to me :
 Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermott wakes
 To none but love and thee.

[Exit Dermott.]

Dar. Such singing wou'd wake an owl out of her sleep :
 I'll try to rouse her.

A I R.

Dar. Dear Kathleen, you, no doubt,
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis ;
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
 You never dream how late 'tis.
 This morning gay,
 I post away,
 To have with you a bit of play ;
 On two legs ride
 Along, to bid
 Good morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowfy
 With whisky, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Blowzy
 To let me sit beside her.
 Her anger rose,
 And sour as sloes.
 The little gypsie cock'd her nose ;
 Yet here I've rid
 Along, to bid
 Good morrow to your night-cap.

(KATHLEEN appears at the window.)

Kat. Who's that?—Dermott !

Dar. Yes, I am —Darby. (*Aside.*) I knew I shou'd bring
 her down : Oh, I'm a fine marksman !

Enter KATHLEEN.

Kat. Darby !—So you must come singing at my win-
 dow ; but I tell you once for all, I won't have you ; as I
 hope for man I won't.

Dar. That's a good joke—hope for man and not have
 me.

AIR.

A I R.

Kat. Since love is the plan,
 I'll love if I can ;
 But first let me tell you what sort of a man :
 In address how compleat,
 And in dress spruce and neat ;
 No matter how tall, so he's over five feet :
 Not dull nor too witty,
 His eyes I'll think pretty,
 If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.
 Tho' gentle he be,
 His man he shall see ;
 Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
 In a song bear a bob ;
 In a gla's hob or knob ;
 Yet drink, of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.
 This is my fancy,
 If such a man can see,
 I'm his, if he's mine, until then I am free.

Dar. Well, and hav'n't I every thing comfortable about me?—A snug farm, heifers and sheep, and a pad to ride on on Saturdays, and a potatoe garden to walk in ; only look at me ; am I not as tight a fellow as you'd wish to clap your eyes on on a Summer's day ?

Kat. Don't think of talking to me, fellow.—Do you know that I am an heiress ?

Dar. Why, to be sure, your Old father Jorum, who us'd to keep the ale-house, left you well enough, as a body may say.

Kat. Left me well enough ! Did not he leave me a great sum of money ? a matter of eleven pounds fifteen shillings, and a barrel of ale untap'd ? Left me well enough ! Why, you pitiful fellow, do you know who you talk to ? —Did'n't he leave me half-a-dozen china plates ; a case of silver haisted knives and forks ; a chest of drawers ; an easy-chair, and a three-legg'd stool ?—Left me well enough ! And don't you know, that he left me a cow and a calf ; and a bald filly to ride on ?

Dar. Now she's got upon her bald filly, the devil himself can't take her down.

[*Aside.*
Kat.

Kat. Left me well enough! Now, as I am an heiress, a husband I'll have this night if I can.

D U E T.

Kat. Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears.

Dar. I'll fit you soon for your jibes and jeers.

Kat. I'll cock my cap at a smart young man.

Dar. Another I'll wed this day if I can.

Kat. In courtship funny,

Dar. Once sweet as honey,

Kat. You drone.

Dar. No, Kate, I'm your humble bee.

Kat. Go dance your dogs, with your fiddle de dee,
For a sprightly lad is the man for me.

Both. Go dance your dogs, &c.

Dar. You'll ne'er meet such a kind soul as me.

Kat. Like sweet milk turn'd, now to me seems love.

Dar. The fragrant rose does a nettle prove.

Kat. Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I chose,

Dar. And with a flower I sting my nose.

In courtship, &c.

[Exit Darby and Kathleen severally.]

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. This is the house that contains my charming Norah: As her guardian I know is not at home, perhaps I may find an opportunity of conversing with the dear object of my wishes.

(Noise of huntsmen and horns behind.)

So the hounds are going out. Well, let the timid hare be their pursuit: My game lies another way.

A I R.

Fitz. The twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,

Arise to partake of the chase;

And Sol lend a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,

And a smile to the smiles of her face.

For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of Love

With myrtles my brows shall adorn,

While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the Grove,

Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

The

The dogs are uncoupl'd, and sweet is their cry,
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echoe's reply :
 Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,
 But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
 His sentence he hears in the gale ;
 Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,
 His courage and constancy fail.
 Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
 Despair taking place of his fear !
 With antlers erected, a while stands at bay,
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.
 The dogs are, &c.

(The door opens.)

I'll step aside, and observe her a while unseen.

[Exit.

Enter NORAH.

A I R.

Nor. The meadow looks chearful, the birds sweetly sing,
 So gaily they carol the praises of spring ;
 Tho' Nature rejoices ; poor Norah shall mourn
 Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, O hide your gay charms !
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms.
 Tho' fattins, and ribands, and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

(Seeing Fitzroy approaching.)

Oh heavens ! there's the gentleman my guardian is al-
 ways teasing me about. I'll avoid him.

[Returns into the house.

Fitz. S'death I am disappointed ! Stay my charming
 Norah.

Enter BAGATELLE.

Bag. Monsieur ! Monsieur !

Fitz. What do you want ?

Bag. I come to tell you——

Fitz. What ?

Bag. Bless my soul I run so fast—I come to tell you—
 I am out of breath—it is all blown.

Fitz. What's blown ?—My love affair I suppose. *[Aside.*
Bag.

Bag. De Mareshalle poudre is all blown out of de window.

Fitz. Then you must send to town for more.

Bag. Me forgot to tell you, Sir, another affair of grand consequence.

Fitz. Well, what is it?

Bag. De people, Sir, are waiting breakfast for you in de grand parlour.

Fitz. Why did'n't you tell me so at first? [Exit.

Bag. Begar my master is always in such hurries.—I met Father Luke in de village; and now I'll go and visit Mademoiselle Norah.—Ah! I do love Miss Norah.—I vil speak to Father Luke, and get her for my wife.—Ah, Machere Norah! She shall be my wife!

A I R.

Written by CHARLES MURRAY of the Norwich Theatre.

Tune—MARSHALL SAXE'S Minuet.

Bag. Ah! me chere
My pretty dear,
Ma charmante Miss Norah.
Oh! I'll sigh and press her:
I vil ever blefs her,
Cuddel and carefs her,
"Till she cry encora.
Spite of de fate,
She is my mate,
Nous dansirons togedre:
Ve can never tire;
Frenchman is all fire!
Oh! Bagatelle's so clever.
How le beau monde vil stare,
Peur voir de happy pair;
Promenex,
Si negligee,
Like de little turtle dove,
Always billing, cooing,
Like two pusseys mewing,
Purring out dere tale of love.
Oh dear me,
How ver pretty,

Ven

Ven ve come togedre;
 All de night and day, sir,
 Vi vill kifs and play, sir,
 Oh Bagatelle's so clever.

Vat grand blifs
 To toy and kifs,
 Vid my dear Miss Norah;
 Oh! she be so pretty,
 And so very vitty;
 It vou'd be much pitty,
 Not to cry encora.
 Oh! mon dieu,
 Oh! sacre blicu,
 Nous baisserons for ever;
 Love can never tire,
 Nought can quench his fire,
 Oh! Bagatelle's so clever.

Ven ve go to the play,
 Habillez so fine and gay;
 Si bien jantee,
 Oh tout a fait;
 In our air no embarras,
 Like de grande noblesse,
 Ve fall be careffe
 It vill make grand coup d'eclat,
 How I vish,
 Vid pretty Miss,
 To tie de knot for ever;
 I fall live in clover,
 Ven it is all over;
 Oh! Bagatelle's so clever.

[Exit Bagatelle.]

Scene changes to another part of the village.

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Once more I'm return'd to my native village after two long years' absence!—up to the heart in love, and not a sixpence in my pocket.

Dar. (*Sings without.*) 'Good morning to your night-cap.'

Pat. Oh! there's my old acquaintance Darby, as merry and as silly as ever.

B

Enter

Enter DABBY.

Dar. What! Pat, return'd! Zounds, I am glad to see you!—How are you my old friend?

Pat. I thank you, I am bravely.—How fares all our old friends?

Dar. Purely.—Except a cow of mine that died last week.

Pat. How does my dear Norah?

Dar. She's very well; but, Pat, how came you to list for a soldier?

Pat. When her guardian would not give his consent to our marriage, and I could not have her without his approbation, I listed for a soldier.

Dar. Well, and how do you like it?

Pat. Like it!—A soldier's life is the finest life in the world.

A. I. R.

Pat. How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of six-pence a-day;
Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.

With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His King finds him quarters, and money, and cloaths,
He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drums.

With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight;
No girl when she hears it, though ever so glum,
But picks up her tatters and follows the drum.

With a row-de-dow, &c.

Dar. O! I find you'll take Norah away with your row-de-dow!—A soldier is a happy fellow!

Pat. Will you be a soldier, come with me, and I'll introduce you to the sergeant.

Dar. Hoop with all my heart: I think regimentals would become me mightily: Let me try if your hat fits me. (*Pat. on Patrick's Hat, and frisks about, till he by chance sees a scar on Patrick's forehead.*) What's that?

Pat.

Pat. What?

Dar. That cut on your forehead!

Pat. Only a wound I got in battle, in attempting to rescue an officer: I was left for dead on the field; there's glory for you.

Dar. So they left you bleeding in your glory. Here take your hat: I don't think regimentals would become me at all. [Gives the Hat back.]

Pat. What's the matter? You are frightened, are you?

Dar. O no; frightened; no to be sure; but I think it looks so conceited for a man to wear a black patch.—Good bye to you.

Pat. Come, this is the way to my sergeant.

Dar. Your sergeant! 'tis my sergeant I want, and he's this way.—No, no, Master Pat, you shan't catch me bleeding in my glory with a row-de-dow, &c. Your servant, Pat. [Exit.]

Pat. Now for my charming Norah, and then for a pitcher of friendship with my old acquaintance.

A I R.

Pat. The wealthy fool with gold in store,

Will still desire to grow richer;

Give me but health, I ask no more,

My little girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare,

My girl so fair;

With such, what mortal can be richer;

Give me but these, a fig for care,

With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,

I know not what can thus bewitch her;

With all my heart can I be poor,

With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c. [Exit Pat.]

Scene changes to the inside of FATHER LUKE's house.

BAGATELLE *discovered speaking through the key-hole of NORAH's door.*

Bag. Mademoiselle Norah, open the door, if you please.

Nor. Begone about your business. *(From within.)*

Pat. *(Without.)* Where is my charming girl?

B 2

Bag.

Bag. O begar, here be somebody coming!—What shall I do? Begar I vill hide myself in this closet!

[*Goes into a closet.*]

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Where is my sweet girl, my Norah?

Nor. (*Within.*) Begone about your business: I desire you will leave the house directly.

Pat. What's this I hear! I know that voice: a pretty compliment after two years' absence.

Enter NORAH.

Nor. Is it you, my dearest Pat!

Pat. Sweet Norah, you was ever dear to me!

Nor. If I was ever dear to you, how could you leave me then?—but judge of me by these tears!

Pat. My charming girl! what tears are these?

Nor. They are tears of joy at your return!

Bag. (*Weeping.*) Vat vil become of poor Bagatelle?

Pat. I think I hear a noise.

Nor. If it shou'd be my uncle, what will become of me; for he's more averse than ever to our union.

Pat. I'll slip into this closet.

[*Goes into a closet, and pulls Bagatelle out.*]

Bag. How do you do, Sir?—Me hope you be very well.

Pat. (*To Nor.*) Are these your sighs for my absence? your tears of joy at my return? to be locked up with a rascally hair-dresser!

Bag. Rascal hairdresser! vat you mean? I am French gentlemen:—You shall give me satisfaction;—you shall meet me.

Pat. What, with your curling-irons!—away with you, or I'll beat you while I can hold a splinter of shelela.

Bag. Shelela, what you call shelela?

Pat. Begone; or do you chuse to walk out of the window?

Bag. Sir, to oblige you, I could walk out of de window; but I had much rather go down stairs. [*Exit.*]

Pat. Ah! my dear Norah! could I think you wou'd deceive me!

Nor. And can you think me false?

Pat. Can I think otherwise!—But you have given me back my heart!

Pat.

D U E T.

Pat. A rose-tree full in bearing,
 Had sweet flowers fair to see;
 One rose beyond comparing,
 For beauty attracted me.
 Tho' eager then to win it,
 Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,
 I find a canker in it,
 And now throw it far away.

Nerab. How fine this morning early,
 All sun-shiny, clear, and bright!
 So late I lov'd you dearly,
 Tho' lost now each fond delight.
 The clouds seem big with showers,
 Sunny beams no more are seen;
 Farewel, ye fleeting hours,
 Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

Duet. How fine, &c.

A C T II.

SCENE, A Wood.

Enter DARBY and BAGATELLE.

Eag. **M**onsieur Darby! Monsieur Darby!

Dar. I believe that's Monsieur Bag and tail.

Bag. I'm glad I find you Darby. I was hunt you all over de village, and cou'd not find you.

Dar. That's because I am so wrapt up in love.

Bag. You must know, I am going to kill Pat the soldier, and you must be my friend.

Dar. Hadn't you better kill Dermott, then I'll be your friend.

Bag. O but Pat the soldier has affront me;—you shall be my second.

Dar. Your second; couldn't you make me your third or fourth?

Bag. (*Shewing a letter.*) Begar dis be de lettre de mort.

Dar. O what! you'll leather him more.

Bag.

Bag. C'est un autre chose.

Dar. What, must I get two other shoes?

Bag. C'est un barbare.

Dar. What, because you are a barber.

Bag. Vat you mean by that? Pat calls me rascal hair-dresser, and you call me barber. You no understand: this is de letter Lord Lofty's coachman did write for me. You read, Darby.

Dar. O Yes.

Bag. There. (*Gives Darby the letter.*)

Dar. Let me see (*Reads*) 'This comes hoping'—O I'll run all the way if that's all.

Bag. Ver you going, Darby?—You told me you read. 'Tis not hoping; read on.

'This comes hoping that you are in good health, as I am at this present writing: though you think yourself a great officer, you shall not make me walk out of the window. I'll have Norah in spite of you, I'll be damn'd if I don't: meet me at the elm grove at 7 o'clock to give me satisfaction; but not with curling-irons. I am your's as in duty bound.

Bag. You see I will not sign my name, because I wou'd avoid the laws. You must carry it for me.

Dar. I'll take care Pat shall have it.

Bag. Well now I have settled this affaire d'honneur, I vill go—

Dar. Where are you going Monsieur Bag and tail?

Bag. I vil go—begar I vil go—I vil go and brush my master's coat. [*Exit Bagatelle.*]

Dar. Now I recollect I will not give this letter, since Pat has been a soldier, he's grown a bloody minded fellow, and since he wants Monsieur Bagatelle to walk out of the window, perhaps he may want me to walk up the chimney; so the boy at the public house shall give it him; he's a better figure to walk up a chimney than I am.

A I R.

Dar. Tho' late I was plump, round, and jolly,

I now am as thin as a rod;

Oh! love is the cause of my folly,

I soon shall lie under a sod.

Sing

Sing natherum doodle, nagetty tragedy rum,
My diddtherum boodle, figetty nigetty mum.

Dear Kathleen, then, why did you flout me,

A lad that's so cosey and warm,

With every thing handsome about me,

My cabin and snug little farm.

Sing natherum doodle, &c.

What tho' I have scrap'd up no money,

No duns at my chamber attend :

On Sunday I ride on my poney,

And still have a bit to a friend.

Sing natherum doodle, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,

The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove :

Oh ! how all this courting confounds me,

When I look, and I think of my love.

Sing natherum doodle, &c.

Enter PATRICK and NORAH.

Pat. Oh ! my Norah ! I find more danger in encountering thine eyes, my charming girl, than in a battle ! and can you then prefer your poor Pat, though a common soldier, to all mankind ?

Nor. Yes my dearest Pat ! What tho' you are only a common soldier in the army : you are to me a field Officer.

A I R.

Norah. Farewel ye groves and crystal fountains,

The gladiome plains and silent dell ;

Ye humble vales and lofty mountains,

And welcome now a lofty cell.

And oh ! farewel, fond youth most dear !

Thy tender plaint, the vow sincere,

We'll meet and share the parting tear,

And take a long and last farewel.

Pat. My sweet Norah ! and will absence never change your sentiments ?—Prouder of your love than all the honours of my profession : I shall ever possess the heart-felt satisfaction of rememb'ring how dear you are to your poor soldier.

A I R.

A I R.

Pat. Tho' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
 Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,
 Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids;
 As each his own village must still make the most of,
 In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong;
 Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may boast of;
 'Tis Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare;
 Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on, a (hair,
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd
 Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold or for acres he never shall long;
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my song.
Nor. You will be sure to come at the time agreed on.

Pat. Never fear me (*Exit Norah*)—O how happy
 am I.

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. What's this I see?—My destin'd bride in talk
 with a common soldier!—Good morrow brother soldier—
 a handsome girl that you was talking to—

Pat. Why, she's thought so indeed, Sir.

Fitz. You seem well with her?

Pat. Yes, Sir; I have long lov'd, Sir.—Brought up
 in the same village together, we became attach'd to each
 other, and promis'd mutual fidelity; but I am afraid I
 shall lose her.

Fitz. What, you have a rival perhaps?

Pat. I have, Sir.

Fitz. Now for a picture of myself. (*Aside.*)—Some rich
 rascal, I suppose?

Pat. I envy not his riches, Sir;—but as to your later
 epithet, I am sure he does not deserve it.

Fitz. How so?

Pat. Because, Sir, he is an officer, and therefore I am
 sure he is a man of honour.

Fitz. It is a pity you are not an officer.—You have
 been in the service.

Pat.

Pat. Yes, Sir, I have seen some service.—I was wounded at the battle of Johnston's Ford in America, in saving my Captain's life.

Fitz. As I live, the very man who saved my life in that engagement. (*Aside.*)—I hope you got your reward?

Pat. I look'd for none: I did no more than my duty, in fighting for my king and country, and rescuing my officer.

Fitz. Where are you going?

Pat. I am going from her I love; because fortune forbids our union.

Fitz. Take my advice: see her once more.—I honour your frankness;—you are a brave fellow, and something may be done for you.

Pat. Well, Sir, since you advise me, I will see her once more. If I had a friend to speak to her guardian, I perhaps might have some chance to succeed: I am however obliged to your good wishes, and will profit by your advice. [*Exit.*]

Fitz. What a noble spirit! The embroider'd epaulet may distinguish the officer; but let him not disdain to take a lesson from this *Poor Soldier*: there is sometimes more real merit to be found under worsted lace, than under gold or silver tassels.

A I R.

Fitz. The Spring with smiling face is seen,

To usher in the May;

And nature clad in mantle green,

All sprig'd with flow'rets gay;

The feather'd songsters of the grove,

Then join in harmony and love.

The lark that soars cleaves the skies,

Low builds her humble nest;

The rambling boy that finds the prize,

Is sure supremely blest.

For when the tuneful bird is flown,

He hastes, and marks it for his own.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Are you the man in the red coat?

C

Fitz.

Fitz. Yes my boy, I believe I am the man in the red coat. — What's your business?

Boy. Darby desired me to give you this!

Fitz. Who?

Boy. Darby. — (Exit Boy.)

Fitz. Let's see (*Reads the letter.*) — This Norah seems to have a number of admirers. — And so my little hero — heyday he's off — seven o'clock — I must go and see what sort of stuff my challenger is made of. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to the inside of Dermott's House.

Enter FATHER LUKE and DERMOTT.

F. L. Well, what is this spiritual business? — reveal it to me, Dermott. — You know I have got your conscience in my keeping. — But have you tapp'd the barrel of ale?

Der. Yes I have, and you shall taste it. [*Goes in for a Jug.*]

F. L. He's coming round me about my ward — a wheedling son of a —

Enter DERMOTT, with a Jug of Ale.

Der. I will prime him well before I speak to him about Kathleen: 'tis a hard heart that a drop of ale won't soften.

F. L. This brown jug and I are old acquaintance, Dermott.

Der. Indeed, Sir, you are.

A. R.

Der. Dear Sir, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale, Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale; Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul, As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl: In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel, And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain; And time into clay had resolv'd it again, A potter found out in it's cover so snug, And with part of old Toby he form'd the brown jug. Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale, So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

[*Exit Dermott.*]

Enter

Enter DARBY.
Dar. How do you do, Father Luke?

F. L. O Darby, are you there?

Dar. Will you consent that I shall marry Kathleen!—
 Get you gone you reprobate.

Dar. I have got a fine fat sheep for your Reverence.

F. L. A fat sheep!—I always thought you was born under a lucky planet.—But Darby you must be a good lad, and turn sober.—I am your priest, and tell you that you must repent and marry.

Dar. I will marry first, and repent afterwards.

F. L. You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine:

But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign,

So leave off your raking and marry a wife,

And then, my dear Darby, your settled for life.

Sing Ballynamono, Oro,

A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being published, to chapel we go,

The bride and bridegroom in coats white as snow;

So modest her attire, and so sheepish your look,

You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,

He blushes at love, and she whispers obey.

You take her dear hand to have and to hold,

I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing, &c.

That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours with joy to the bridegroom and

bride;

The pipers before us march side by side.

A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face;

The piper plays up, myself I say grace.

Sing, &c.

A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown;

The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone;

'Tis then my good boy I believe you at home,
And hey for a christ'ning at nine months to come.
Singing, &c.

A good merry christ'ning for me.

Dar. And so Father, you say I shall marry Kathleen.

F. L. But you are so wicked.

Dar. Indeed I am not.

F. L. Here comes Kathleen. — (*Enter Kathleen from the house.*) — Put your best leg foremost to her now.

Dar. Which is my best leg?

F. L. By my soul they are both bad enough.

Dar. What am I to do now?

F. L. What are you to do now; — there's a pretty question; — why kiss her man to be sure.

Dar. You'll speak a good word for me Father Luke.

F. L. A fat sheep you say.

Dar. A fine fat sheep.

F. L. Harkye, Kathleen, — This lad Darby will make you a good husband — the devil a better — won't you Darby?

Dar. Indeed I will.

F. L. There will be more marriages when the Captain comes, and I can marry you at the same time.

Kath. I will have no husband but Dermott.

F. L. Consider what I am saying to you, — Dermott is an ugly man, and a bad Christian.

Enter DERMOTT.

Dar. Dermott, you are bad man, and an ugly Christian.

F. L. O are you there? — here take your brown jug again, you empty fellow.

Der. I come to ask your consent to marry Kathleen.

F. L. (*To Darby.*) You shall marry Kathleen.

Der. O, if that's the case! I have two fat sheep, which had intended as a present for your Worship; but now I'll go with them to the fair, and get drunk with the money.

F. L. Harkye, Dermott, it is a great sin to get drunk! — Oh, Darby! *(To Darby)* if you have nothing else to do, you may go about your business, you ugly man; don't make a Judy of yourself. — It is two fat sheep you say. *(To Dermott.)*

Der. Yes.

F. L. (*To Darby*) You don't marry Kathleen, and I will

will tell you why; because it is *two to one* against you. Go away Darby.—(To Dermott.) I will couple you altogether when the Captain comes, as soon as I can put my thumb upon matrimony.

QUARTETTO.

Kath. (To *Der.*) You the point may carry,
If a while you tarry.

(To *Dar.*) But for you,

I tell you true,

No, you I'll never marry.

Chorus. You the point, &c.

Der.

Care our souls disowning,

Punch our sorrows drowning,

Laugh and love,

And ever approve

Joys our wishes crowning.

Chorus. Care our, &c.

Dar.

To the church I'll hand her,

[Offers to take her.

Then thro' the world I'll wander;

[She refuses.

I'll sob and sigh,

Until I die,

A poor forsaken gander.

Chorus. To the church, &c.

F. L.

Each pious priest since Moses,

One mighty truth discloses;

Your never vex,

If this the text,

Go fuddle all your noses.

Chorus. Each pious, &c.

SCENE, An Elm Grove.

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. I wonder who this challenger can be! O here's company. I'll step aside and see. [Retires.

Enter BAGATELLE and DARBY.

Dar. O, Monsieur Bag and tail! if I fall, you'll take my corps (not a very ugly one) to Dermott's wedding.— But let me stand behind you Monsieur Bagatelle.—(Gets behind

behind him.)—Why I might as well stand behind a pitchfork.

Bag. Zounds! here's my master!

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Why, you rascal, did you send a challenge to me?

Bag. Me, Sir!—Oh, no!—My Lord Lofty's coachman did write it; Darby here knows.——What do you know Darby? you tell my master all about it.

Dar. I went to Father Luke's house, and there I got the letter; and so I went to Father Luke's house, and there the letter was given me: and so Father Luke's house—O now I have it—Father Luke was out of the window—

Bag. Father Luke's house was out of the window—and so, Sir—

Dar. Yes, Sir, and so, Sir; there's a true account of the matter.—I find I did not go to school for nothing.

Fitz. Hark, Sir; get you home, Sir, or I shall break every bone in your rascally skin.—I'll teach you to send challenges.—Away, Sir.

Bag. O yes, Sir; begar I am glad I have got off so well. *[Exit.]*

Fitz. As for you, you had better stick to your spade than meddle with sword and pistol. *[Going.]*

Dar. But Captain, do you think me or Dermott the prettiest fellow?

Fitz. Get home with you, Sir, and mind your cart. *[Exit.]*

Dar. You a Captain, and can't tell me that. Hark-ye, you corporal.—*(Fitzroy returns: Darby beckons the contrary way.)*—Here, corporal, corporal.—I find I must go up to town to talk with these captains.

A I R.

Dar. Since Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,

Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?

No longer I'll stay here a clown,

But sell off, and gallop to town;

I'll drefs and I'll strut with an air,

The barber shall frizzle my hair,

In town I shall cut a great dash;

But how far to compass the cash.

At

At gaming, perhaps I may win;
 With cards I can take the flats in,
 Or trundle false dice and they're nick'd;
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first for to get a great name,
 A duel establish my fame;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write;
 But first I'll be sure he won't fight.
 We'll swear not to part till we fall,
 Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

SCENE, FATHER LUKE'S HOUSE.

Enter FATHER LUKE and NORAH.

F. L. If you do not consent to marry Captain Fitzroy, the man of my choice, I'll send you to France, and put you into a convent.

Nor. I am content.——I never will marry the man I cannot approve of.

F. L. You are content!——You put me in a passion, and then you are content.——Get you into that room, and stay there till you go to France. [*Locks her up.*]

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Who are you going to send to France?

F. L. My ward, Sir;—She won't consent to marry you;—she is obstinate.

Fitz. Will you resign the charge of her to me, Sir?

F. L. With all my soul:——There, Captain, with that key, I resign my authority; and now if I find Mr Patrick, I'll send him to the county jail. [*Exit.*]

Fitz. Here comes the soldier (*Enter Pat.*)—You are punctual, I see.

Pat. I promised to be so.

Fitz. Was you ever brought to the halberts? How came you absent from your regiment? Have you a furlough?

Pat. No, Sir.

Fitz. I have the honour to bear his Majesty's commission, and shall take you up as a deserter to the service. I have a person ready here to take you into custody.

Pat. What a cruel piece of treachery!

[*Fitzroy brings out Norah.*]

Fitz.

Fitz. Dear Norah, since you have refused my hand, permit me to reward your constancy, by putting you into the hands of your lover, and he'll reward you.

Nor. I'm all amazement!

Pat. Let us kneel, and thank our deliverer.

Fitz. To keep you no longer in suspense, know then, that I am that officer whose life you saved at Johnston's Ford. I have a commission to bestow, and desire, gallant youth, you'll take it, as a small reward for your past services; and heaven bless you both.

Enter FATHER LUKE, DERMOTT, DARBY, and KATHLEEN.

F. L. There the soldier is;—lay hands upon him.

Dar. No, I won't lay hold of him.—Don't you see the white sergeant has hold of him already.

F. L. Why, Captain, do you refuse to marry my niece?

Fitz. I do; and am bound in honour to give her to a worthier lover.

F. L. What, bring a foot soldier into my family.

Fitz. Having a commission to dispose of, I have given it him, and think myself his inferior, when I see superior merit, and higher virtues in this *Poor but Worthy Soldier*.

F I N A L E.

Fitzroy. What true felicity I shall find,

When those are joined,

By fortune kind,

How pleasing to me,

So happy to see,

Such merit and virtue united!

Norah. No future sorrows can grieve us,

If you will please to forgive us.

To each kind friend,

Thus we lowly bend,

Your pardon, that gain'd, we're delighted.

Chorus. No future, &c.

Patrick. With my commission, yet dearest life,

My charming wife,

When drum and fife

Shall beat up to arms,

The plunder your charms,

In love your poor soldier you'll find me.

Kath.

Kath. This love my wishes has granted;
 I get the dear lad that I wanted:
 Less pleas'd with a Duke,
 When good Father Luke
 To my own little Dermott has joined me.

Chorus. This love, &c.

Darby. You impudent hussy (*Dermott frowns*)
 At a pretty rate
 Of love you prate;
 But harkye, Kate,
 Your little dear lad,
 Will find that his pad
 Has got a nice—kick in his gallop.

F. L. Now, Darby, upon my salvation,
 You merit excommunication;
 In love but agree,
 And shortly you'll see
 In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.

Chorus. Now, Darby, &c.

Der. The devil a bit o' me cares a bean,
 For neat and for clean,
 We'll both be seen,
 Myself and my las
 Next Sunday at mass,
 And there we'll be coupled for ever.
Pat. The laurel I've won in the field, Sir,
 Yet now in a garden I yield, Sir;
 Nor think it a shame,
 Your mercy to claim;
 Your mercy's my sword and my shield, Sir.

CHORUS OF MEN.

The laurel and bays
 Revive by your praise;
 Our poet solicits your pardon.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Then be not severe,
 With smiles you can cheer,
 The posies of your Covent-Garden.

GENERAL CHORUS.

The laurel, &c.

F I N I S.

When good Father Luke
To my own little Darmott has joined me.

Chorus.
You impudent hussy (Darmott Brown)

At a pretty rate
Of love you hate;
But hark ye, Kate,
You little dear-ah,
Well had that his part

Has got a nice—kick in his gallop.
Now, Dandy, upon my invitation,
For next excommunication;

In love but agree,
And shortly you'll be
In marriage I'll soon be for all up.

Chorus.
Now, Dandy, etc.

The devil a bit of me cares a bean,
For next and for clean,
We'll both be soon

Myself and my mate,
Next Sunday at night.

And those who couple for ever

The law we hold, etc.

Let now in a garden I hold, etc.

Not think for shame

Your mercy to claim;

For our mercy's my friend and my shield, etc.

Chorus of men.

The laurel and bay;

Revives by your praise;

Our poet immortal your garden.

Chorus of women.

Then be not lovers,

Which ladies you can cheer;

The roses of your sweet garden.

GENERAL CHORUS.

The laurel, etc.

THE TROOP SONGS.

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